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2007

30 DAYS OF NIGHT:

RED SNOW

BEN TEMPLESMITH



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2007

30 DAYS OF NIGHT

r e d s n o wTM
ben templesmith

30 Days of Night: Red Snow

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Chapter One



1941

HEY, KLAUS,
HOW'S THE
EYE?





GOOD, GOOD.
EVEN IF I LOSE
IT, IT'S NOT LIKE I
CAN FEEL ANY PAIN
WITH THIS DAMN
COLD.

WHO EVER
THOUGHT HELL
WOULD BE
FREEZING,
EH?

IT'S WORSE
THAN HELL. RUSSIAN
VERMIN SHOOT AT YOU
HERE AND THERE'S
ONLY THEIR DONKEY
PISS VODKA TO
DRINK, HEH.

NOT FOR
MUCH LONGER. THE
FÜHRER WILL SEE TO
THAT. WHAT WE DO
HERE NOW WILL ECHO
THROUGHOUT FUTURE
GENERATIONS.



THEY'LL
THANK US.



WE'LL BE
HEROES OF
THE REICH.



WELL, I'M
GLAD YOU'RE SO
CERTAIN OF THAT,
TRABANDT.

AND
YOU'RE
NOT?



NEED I REMIND
YOU OF THE SACRED
OATH YOU SWORE TO
THE FÜHRER? WE ARE
HERE BY HIS VERY
ORDER!



DO YOU THINK I WANT TO BE THIS FAR NORTH—AT THIS TIME OF YEAR—FREEZING MY ARSE OFF IN A LAND WHERE THE SUN DOES NOT RISE FOR TWO MONTHS OF THE YEAR?



HE HAS CHOSEN US. CHOSEN US TO LIQUIDATE THE SLAVS AND JEWS, KUCHLER LEBENSRAUM.



FOR THE GLORY OF THE FATHERLAND, OUR PEOPLE MUST HAVE ROOM TO BREATHE.



I WOULD MUCH RATHER BE AT STALINGRAD OR MOSCOW MYSELF. I HEAR IT WILL FALL ANY DAY NOW, AND THEN WE WILL BE PUSHING THE LAST RUSSIAN SCUM INTO THE PACIFIC OCEAN!



YES, SIR. DO NOT WORRY. I HAVE NOT FORGOTTEN MY OATH.



THERE IS NO MAN HERE WHO WOULD NOT DIE FOR THE FÜHRER IF NEED BE.



GOOD.

SIR, OVER THAT SMALL RISE, ANOTHER LITTLE VILLAGE.



GOD, THEY LITERALLY BREED LIKE VERMIN. THEIR NESTS ARE EVERYWHERE AND NOT EVEN ON THESE DAMN MAPS.

NOTHING. NOT EVEN A NAME TO THIS ONE.



SAFE TO SAY IT'S IN NEED OF BEING CLEARED.



COME ON, LET'S DO THIS QUICKER THAN THE LAST ONE. THE MORE WE DO HERE, THE EASIER THE NEW PUSH ON MURMANSK WILL BE.



STALIN WON'T BE GETTING SUPPLIES FROM OUR ENEMIES IN THE WEST MUCH LONGER.

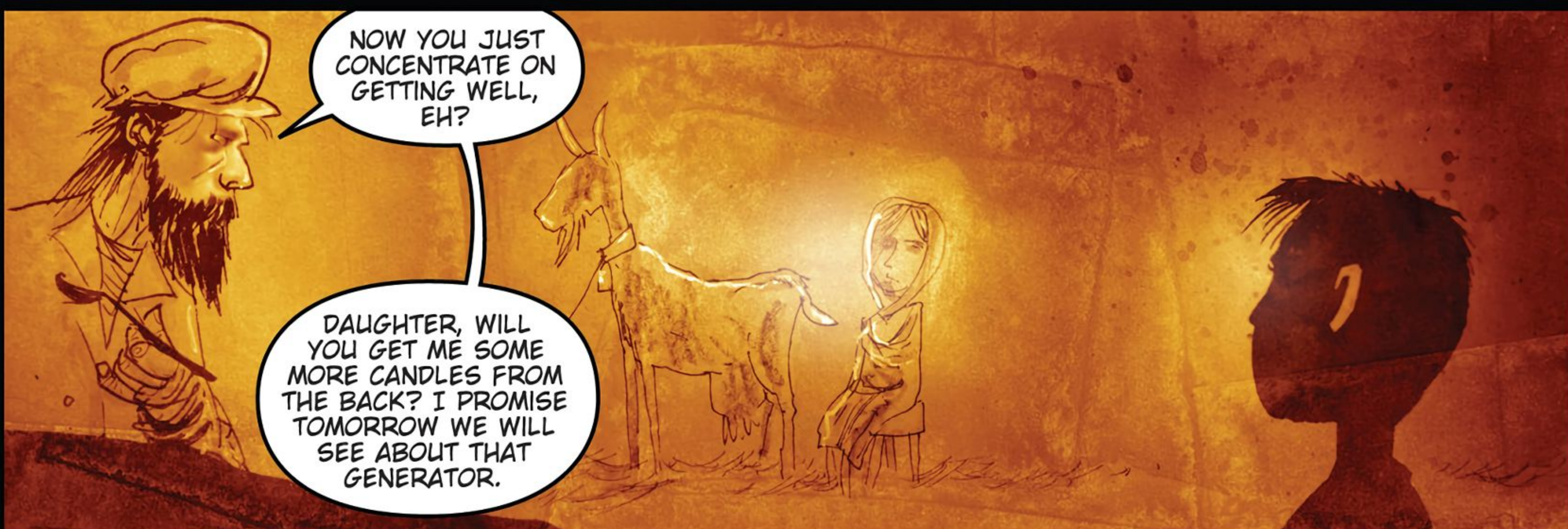
ONCE THEY LOSE THEIR PORT AND MILITARY AID, THE RUSSIANS WILL FOLD LIKE A DECK OF CARDS. AS YOU KNOW, THEY ARE NOT BRED FOR FIGHTING.

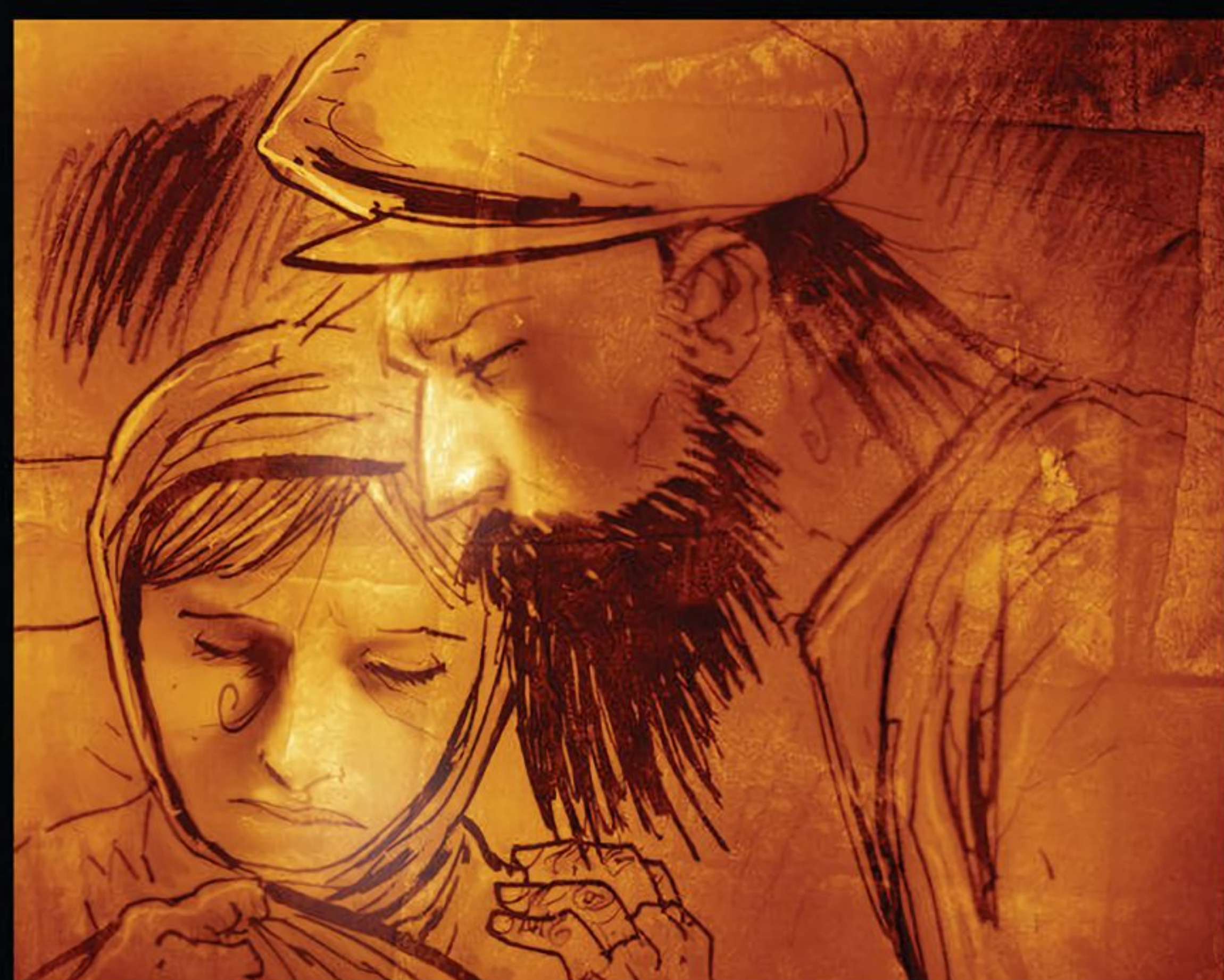
THEY'RE BRED FOR DYING, EH, SIR?



QUITE.

LET'S BE ABOUT OUR WORK, THEN. THERE'S A WARM BED WAITING FOR YOU AT HQ AFTER WE CLEAR THIS SECTOR.







—SO I TOLD
THAT BASTARD
KUBAN HE COULD
SHOVE IT UP THE
WHORE'S ARSE FOR
ALL I CARED!



YOU'RE
ALL CLASS.
ORLOV.

SMOKE?

THANK YOU,
ENGLISHMAN.

I MUST SAY, IT IS
REFRESHING TO MEET
ONE OF YOU THAT CAN
SPEAK MORE THAN TWO
WORDS OF RUSSIAN. MUCH
BETTER THAN THAT MUCK IN
YOUR TONGUE. TOO MANY
RULES, AND IF YOU ASK
ME, SOUNDS LIKE A
BITCH IN HEAT.



NO
OFFENSE.



NONE
TAKEN.



LET'S HOPE YOU
LAST LONGER THAN
THE LAST ENGLISHMAN,
SHALL WE? HE TOO
ACCOMPANIED US ON A
PATROL SEVERAL
TIMES AND—

AHEM.
FORGIVE ORLOV,
KEATING.



HE GREW UP
BEYOND THE URALS AND
STILL NEEDS TO LEARN
HOW TO HOLD A CIVIL
CONVERSATION.



WE HOPE TO
SHOW YOU A LITTLE
OF THE COUNTRY, AND
THAT ENGLAND'S
CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE
WAR EFFORT TO DEFEND
THE MOTHERLAND ARE
APPRECIATED.



YOU HAVE SEEN
MURMANSK, NOW WE
WISH TO SHOW YOU
HOW WE ARE TAKING
THE FIGHT TO THE
NAZIS.

WE BEAT THEM
BACK LAST YEAR BUT
WE'RE STILL CLEARING
OUT POCKETS OF
RESISTANCE. MOSTLY JUST
THEIR ANTI-PARTISAN
EXECUTION SQUADS. EVEN
IN THIS WEATHER THEY
ARE ACTIVE, SO WE
MAINTAIN OUR
VIGILANCE.



SIR, OVER
THERE.



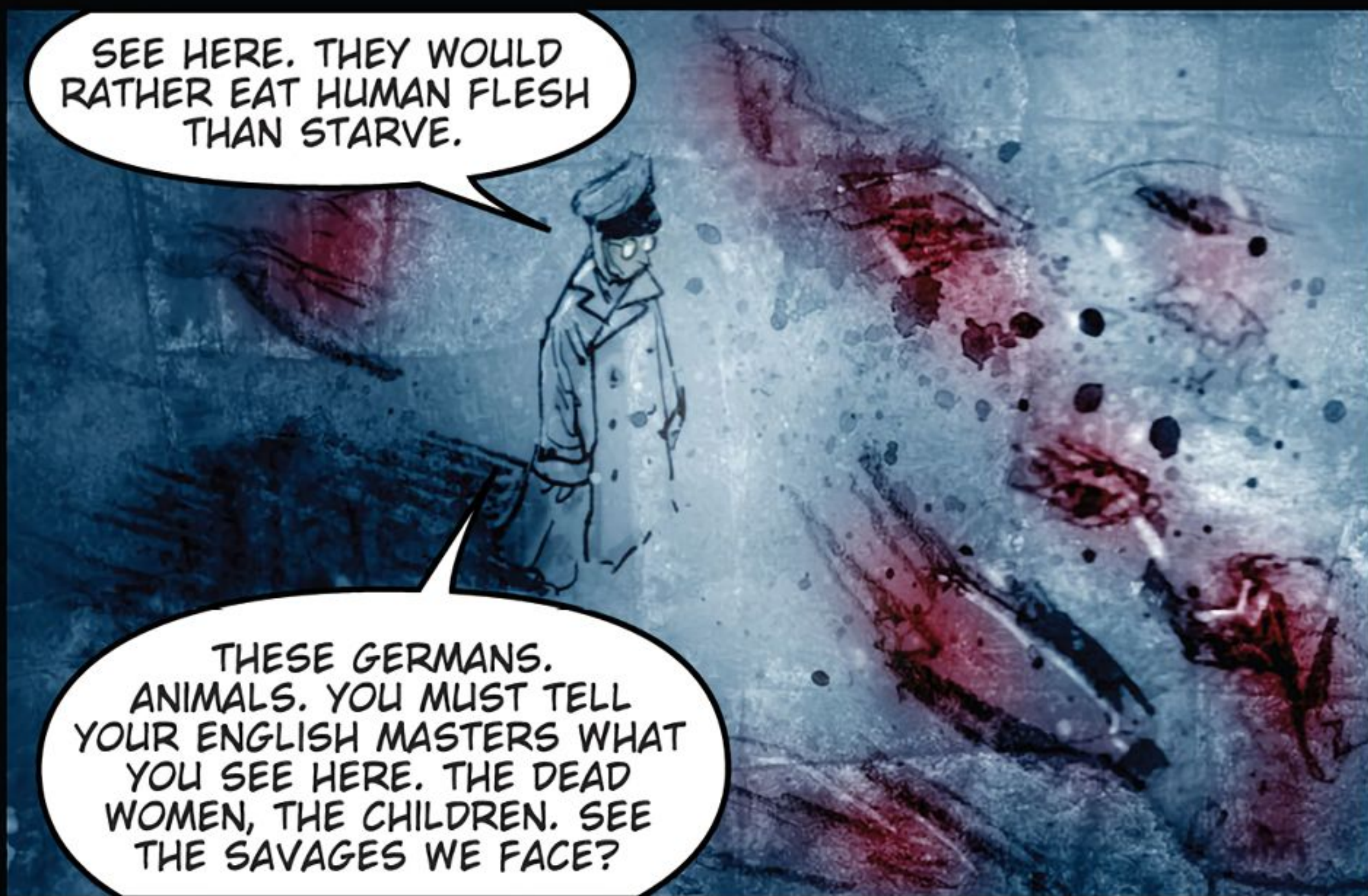
OH...
MY...



BUTCHERS.



IN THEIR DEPRAVITY, THEY BECOME ANIMALS.



SEE HERE. THEY WOULD RATHER EAT HUMAN FLESH THAN STARVE.

THESE GERMANS. ANIMALS. YOU MUST TELL YOUR ENGLISH MASTERS WHAT YOU SEE HERE. THE DEAD WOMEN, THE CHILDREN. SEE THE SAVAGES WE FACE?



CAPTAIN, LOOK! ONE OF THE SCUM!



YOU
KNOW
WHAT TO
DO.



COSSACKS,
RIDE HIM
DOWN.



NO, PLEASE,
PLEASE!



YOU DON'T
UNDERSTAND!



WE ARE ALL...
GULKK!



THAT'S
BETTER THAN HE
DESERVED.

SPLIT UP, THERE
MAY BE MORE LEFT
LINGERING IN THE
AREA. HUNGER
MAKES THEM
STUPID.





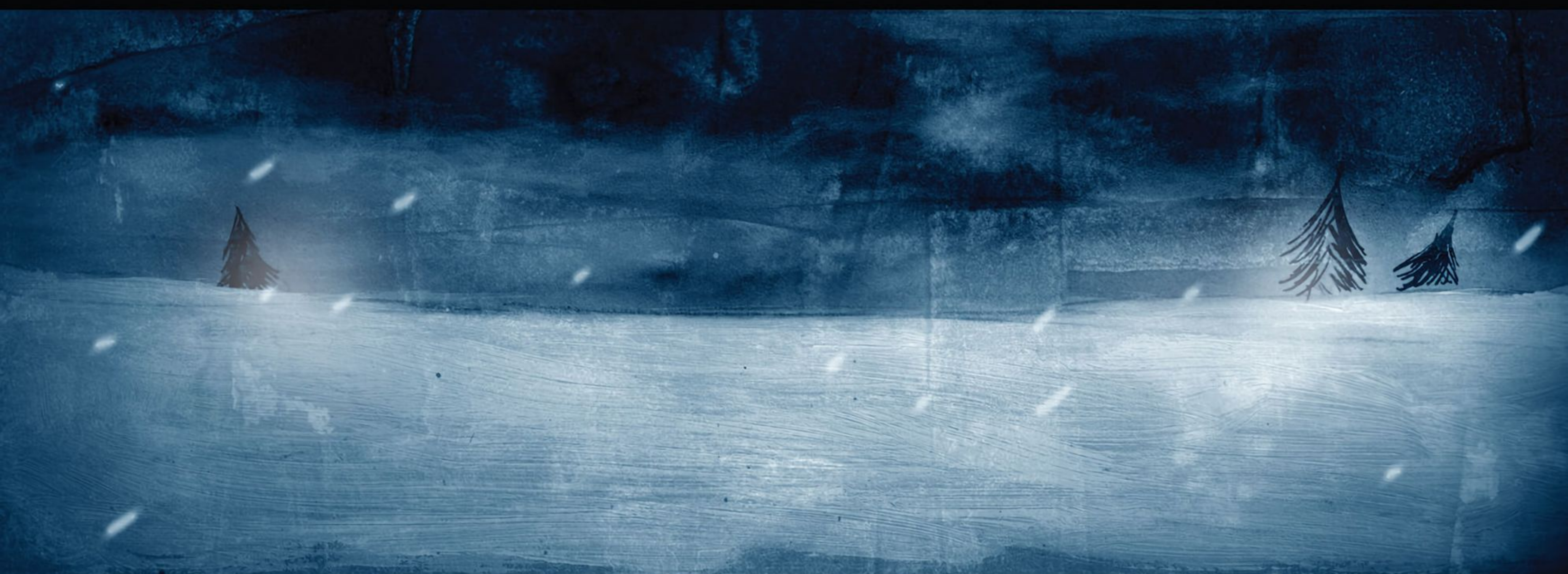
















HELLO!



YOU SEE?
EVEN HERE, THE
STOUT RUSSIAN
WORKER CARRIES
ON AND AIDS US
IN THE FIGHT.

YES,
QUITE.



MANY OF YOU
HERE, OLD MAN?
YOU HAVE HOT
FOOD, YES?

YES, YES, WHAT
WE HAVE WE OFFER
TO YOU. MY FAMILY
AND I... WE CAN
SPARE SOME.



PUT THE
HORSES IN THAT
BUILDING OVER
THERE. TWO ON
WATCH.



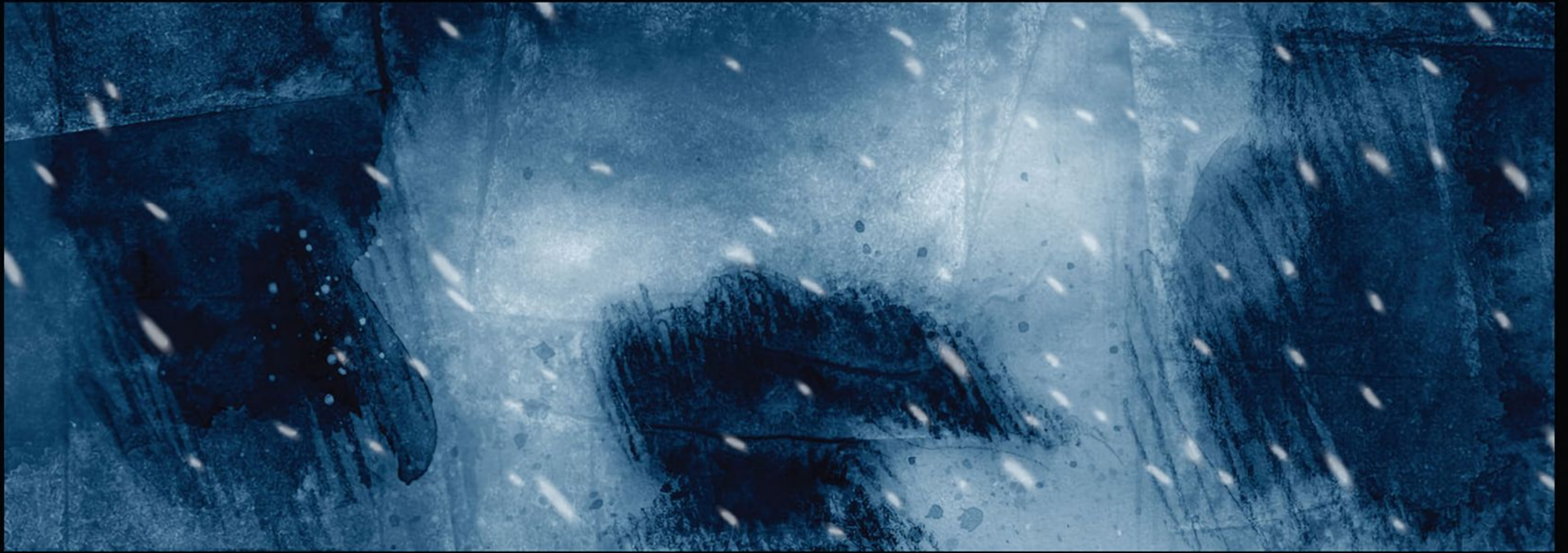
ASK THEM IF THEY HAVE
SOME TEA, EH? AND WHAT
ABOUT THE OTHERS?
SHOULDN'T WE WAIT
FOR THEM?



YOU
ENGLISH AND
YOUR TEA.

DO NOT
WORRY ABOUT THE
COSSACKS. THEY ARE
A HARDY LOT. COME,
LET'S GET INSIDE. I
THINK A STORM IS
ON THE WAY.







GOOD STUFF,
THIS.

IF YOU
SAY SO.



I NOTICE
YOU HAVE A
LOT OF STORED
FOOD HERE.
RATIONS...



YES, YES, WE MOVED
IT HERE. THE GERMANS
BOMBED THE DEPOT THAT
IS CLOSE BY. IT IS NOT
FOR US, OF COURSE, BUT
FOR THE WAR EFFORT. SO
WE MIGHT EVEN NOW
HELP OUR PROUD
SOLDIERS!



AYE! I'LL
DRINK TO
THAT!



AH, YES, THE DEPOT.
WE STOPPED USING
THIS AREA AFTER THE
GERMAN SPRING
ASSAULT.

WE HAVE
SEEN SEVERAL
GERMAN
PATROLS,
BUT—

JUST SEE THAT
YOU KEEP SHOWING
YOUR LOYALTY AND
SUPPORT, COMRADE.
THIS FOOD IS THE
PROPERTY OF THE
STATE.



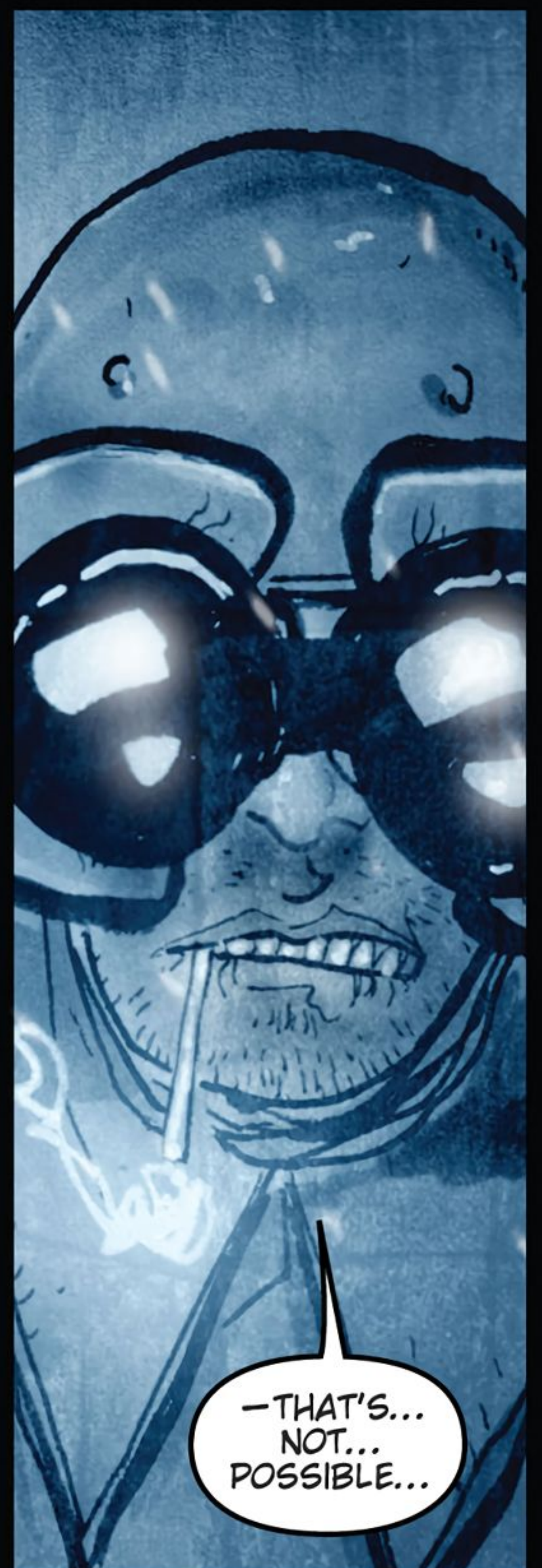
I'M OFF
FOR A PISS.

DO IT
OUTSIDE,
YOU. THERE
ARE LADIES
PRESENT.

YES,
SIR.









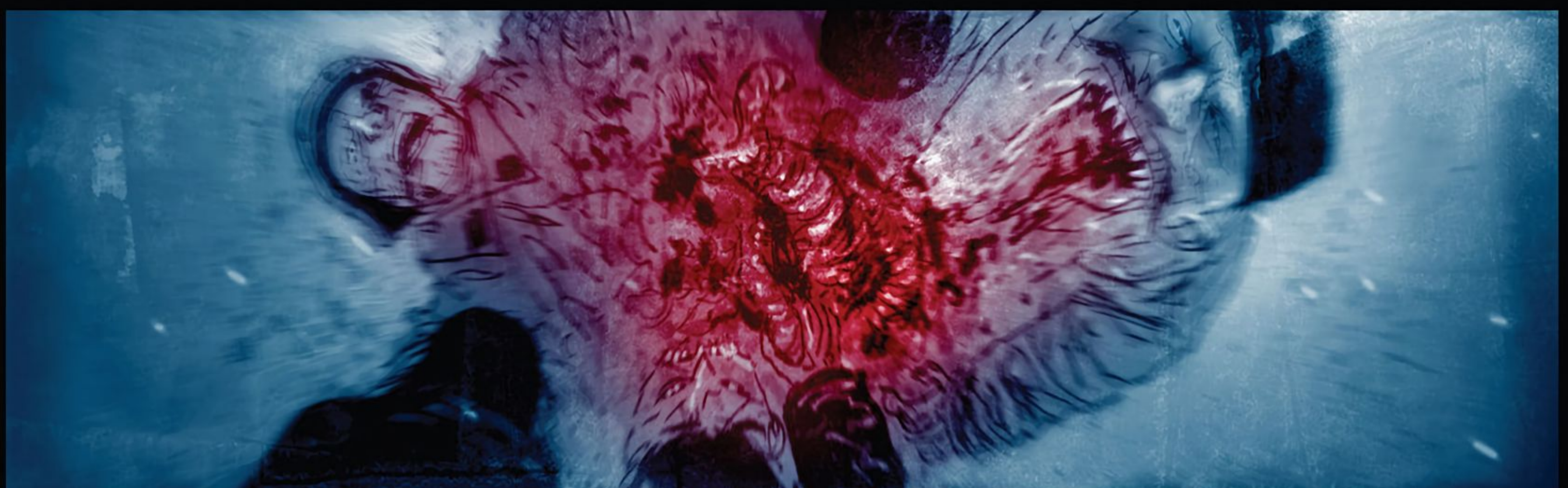


Chapter Two









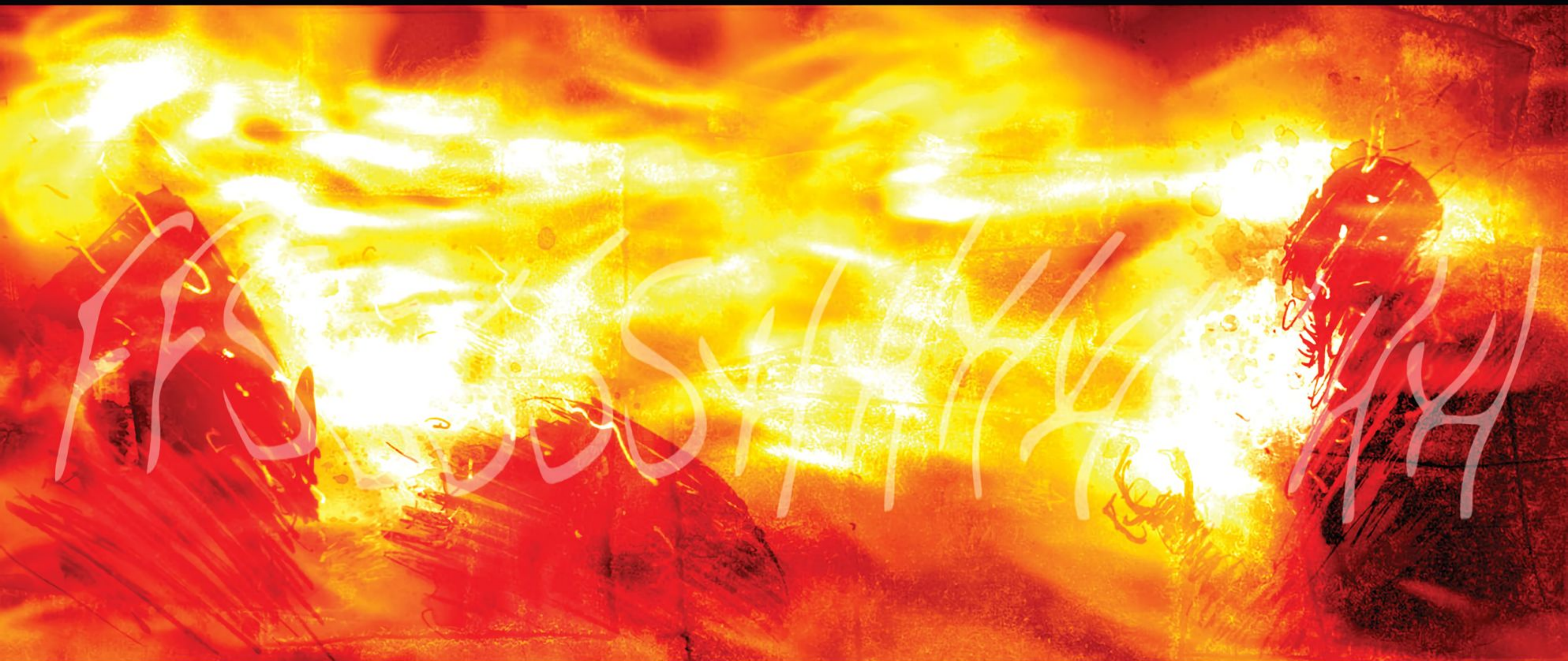
















WHAT...
WHAT WERE
THOSE
THINGS?



THEY
LOOKED LIKE
DEMONS TO
ME.



DEMONS,
ORLOV? HEH.
SUPERSTITIOUS
NONSENSE. THOSE
THINGS WERE
REAL.



WHEN I
WAS A BOY,
THERE WERE
STORIES FROM
THE NORTHERN
STEPPES,
THEY—



SHUT UP,
NEVSKY.
THAT'S AN
ORDER.

YES, KEATING,
THEY WERE REAL.
DON'T YOU SEE?!
THEY ARE OUR
PUNISHMENT!



OR
THEIRS.

I NEVER
HEARD A "THANK
YOU" FROM THE
ANIMALS.







EEEERRRRNNNGH!



AARRRRRGGGHH!

AAAH!

UURRK!



HSSSSSS...



STADLER,
BURN IT!
BURN IT!



NO! NOT
IN HERE!





I
THOUGHT GOOD
COMMUNISTS
DIDN'T BELIEVE
IN A GOD?

LISTEN TO ME.
IF YOU WANT TO STAY
ALIVE WE NEED A PLAN.
WE NEED SUPPLIES,
AMMUNITION, AND
TRANSPORT OUT
OF HERE.



ROSA, ISN'T
IT? IS THERE
ANYTHING LEFT
IN THIS
VILLAGE?

THERE
ARE MANY
TUNNELS...
WHEN THE ARMY
LEFT, BEFORE THE
FIRST GERMAN
RAIDS, WE HID
MANY OF THEIR
STORES.



BUT WE ARE
NOT HOARDERS—
I SWEAR!

THERE IS
A TRUCK... IT MAY
STILL WORK BUT... YOU
WOULD NEED FUEL.
THERE IS A STOREROOM
WHERE WE PUT
AMMUNITION...



THANK YOU,
ROSA.

THE GERMAN
PATROLS LOOTED
MUCH, AND WE
HAVE HIDDEN DOWN
HERE MANY TIMES.
THERE USED TO BE
MANY IN THIS
VILLAGE...

...NOW...
NOW THERE
IS ONLY
US.



IF YOU
LEAVE, AND ESCAPE
THOSE THINGS, WILL
YOU TAKE US
WITH YOU?

IF WE MAKE
IT, YOU'RE COMING,
TOO. I DOUBT WE
CAN HIDE DOWN
HERE FOR
LONG...



WELL, I'LL
GET THE WOMAN
TO SHOW ME
WHERE THE
AMMUNITION
IS.



RIGHT. I'LL
LOOK FOR FUEL
AND SCOUT OUT THIS
TRUCK. WHAT ABOUT
YOU, BOY?

NIKOLAI.

NIKOLAI,
THEN. WILL YOU
SHOW ME THE
WAY?

YES,
SIR.





THROUGH HERE IS WHERE WE PUT THE AMMUNITION LEFT BEHIND WHEN THE ARMY PULLED BACK FROM THE VILLAGE.

I... I HOPE IT IS ENOUGH. WE KEPT IT SAFE SO IT DID NOT FALL INTO NAZI HANDS.

I'M SURE YOU DID. YOU KNOW THE PENALTY FOR WAR PROFITEERING? THIS WILL DO NICELY. LET'S SEE WHAT CALIBRES WE HAVE.



WE ARE WORKING FOR FINAL VICTORY, SIR. I PROMISE... THOSE THINGS...

I'M SORRY... IT'S JUST... JUST THOSE THINGS... THEY KILLED MY HUSBAND.



I CARE NOTHING FOR THAT, WOMAN. NOTHING IS IMPORTANT EXCEPT FOR STALIN AND—

HELLO.

NASTY, TRICKY, SNEAKY MEAT.

OH, NO...

DO YOU WANT TO PLAY WITH ME?











MOTHER?
MO-MOTHER?

I... I'M
SORRY,
SON.



I TRIED...
I...



GHHURRRGGGGLLL...



MOTHER...
I... I...



SHE'S BEEN
HURT PRETTY BAD,
BUT... YOU KNOW
WHAT HAPPENED TO
THAT GERMAN...



NO. I
KNOW.

LET ME.
I AM HER
SON.







I WANT TO
KILL THEM ALL,
ENGLISHMAN. THOSE
THINGS. THE
GERMANS.

ALL OF
THEM.

Chapter Three







THAT'S FOR LETTING THOSE THINGS GET DOWN HERE. THE BOY'S MOTHER IS DEAD BECAUSE OF YOU. WHERE THE BLOODY HELL WERE YOUR MEN? WAS NO ONE ON GUARD?

I COULD CARE LESS ABOUT THE VERMIN AND THEIR SPAWN.



MY MEN ARE WHAT'S IMPORTANT.



AND ORLOV? WHERE'S—

HE'S DEAD, TOO.

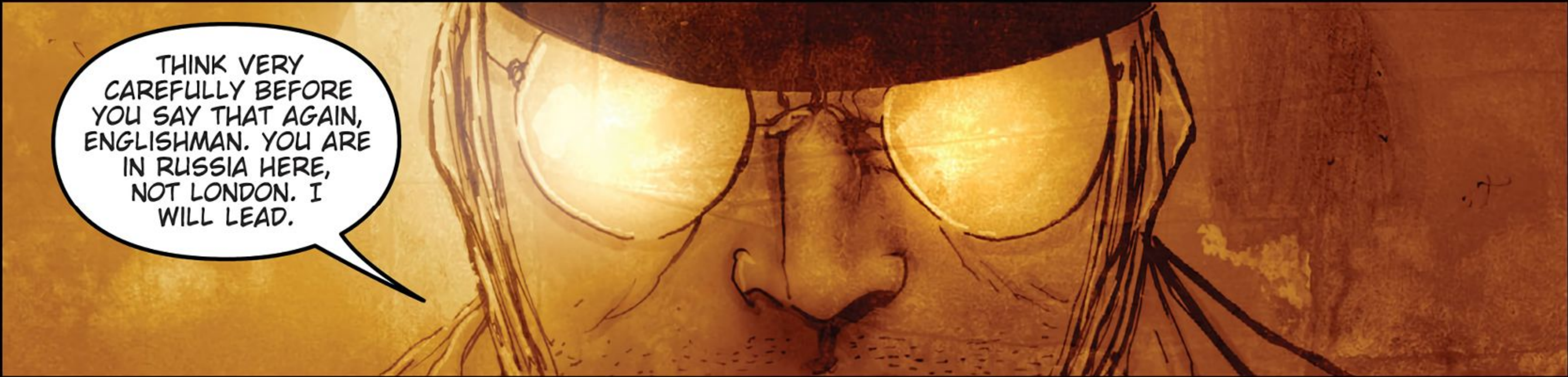


THAT MAKES ME THE RANKING OFFICER, THEN.

LIKE HELL.



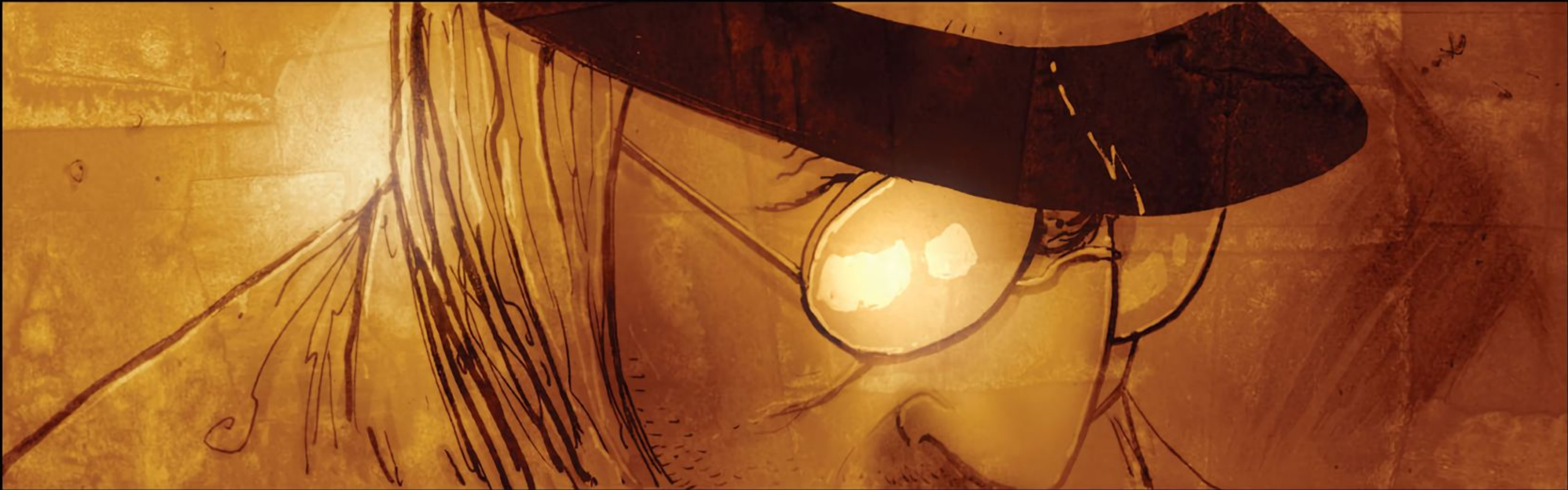
YOU'RE AS RESPONSIBLE AS HIM. YOUR STALIN LOVE BOLLOCKS WON'T DO US ANY GOOD DOWN HERE. IF WE'RE GOING TO SURVIVE THOSE... **THINGS**, WE'RE GOING TO NEED A REAL PLAN AND LEADERSHIP.



THINK VERY CAREFULLY BEFORE YOU SAY THAT AGAIN, ENGLISHMAN. YOU ARE IN RUSSIA HERE, NOT LONDON. I WILL LEAD.



BUGGER YOUR CHAIN OF COMMAND. PUT IT TO A SHOW OF HANDS.



LOOK. THE HORSES ARE DEAD. HALF OF US ARE DEAD. THOSE THINGS WILL BE DOWN HERE TO FINISH US SOON, NO DOUBT. WE'VE GOT FUEL, AMMUNITION, AND APPARENTLY AT LEAST ONE TRUCK IN STORAGE UP THERE.



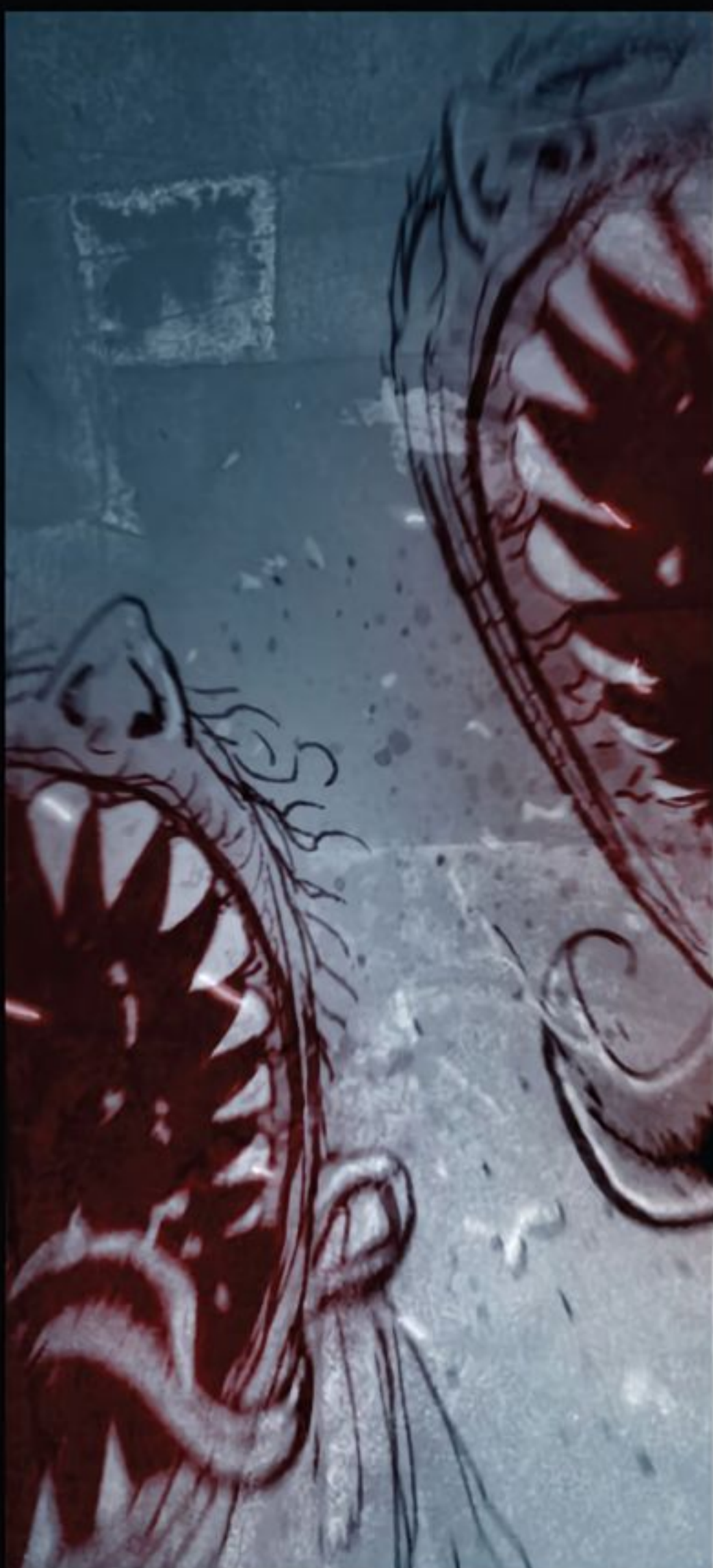
IF WE CAN GET IT STARTED AND MAKE IT A FEW MILES AWAY FROM THOSE CREATURES, WE MIGHT HAVE A CHANCE TO GET TO THE NEXT VILLAGE OR MEET UP WITH A PATROL. AT THIS POINT, I'LL TAKE BEING A PRISONER OF WAR, NAZI OR SOVIET, OVER THOSE BEASTS RIPPING ME APART.











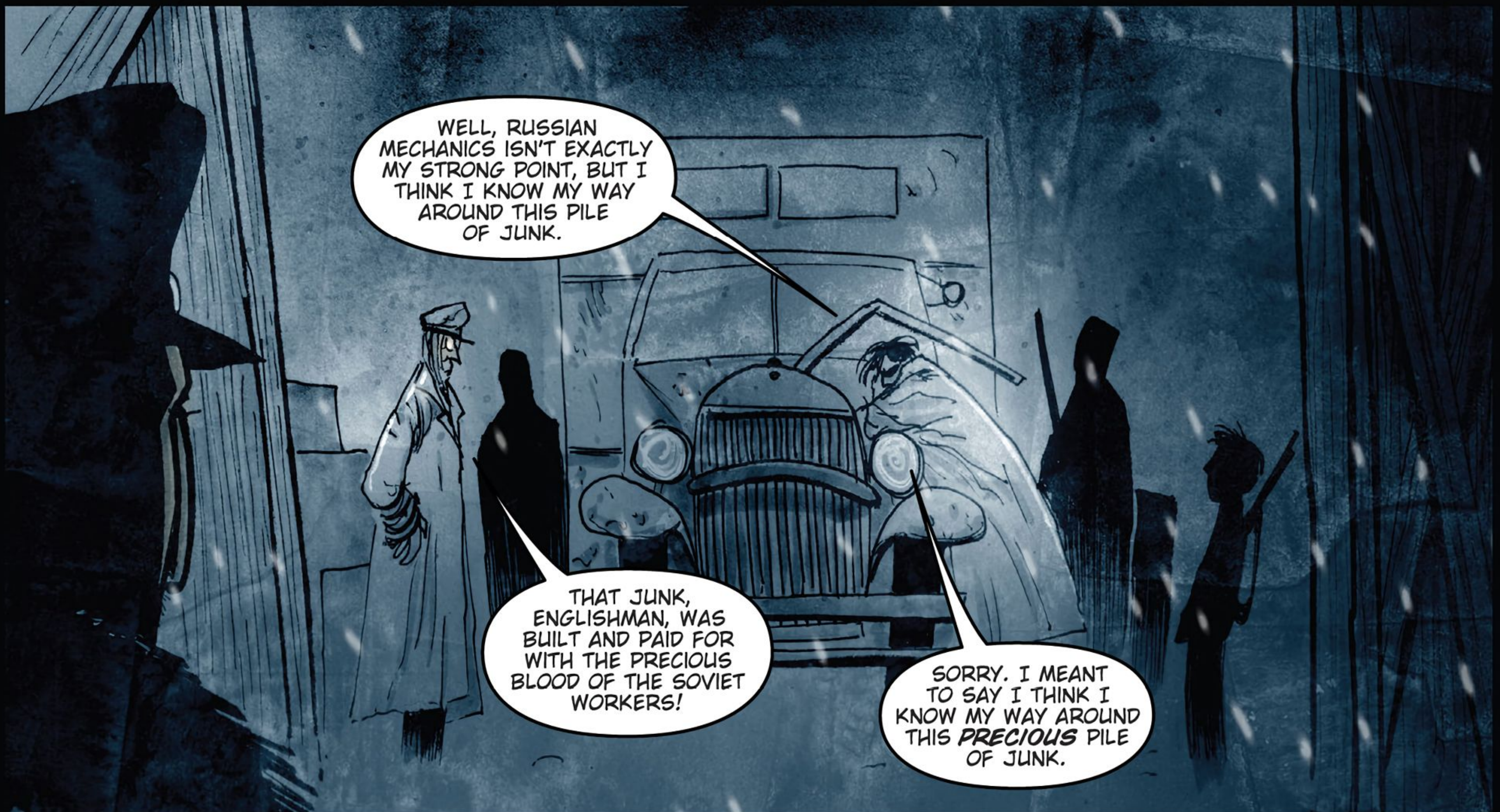








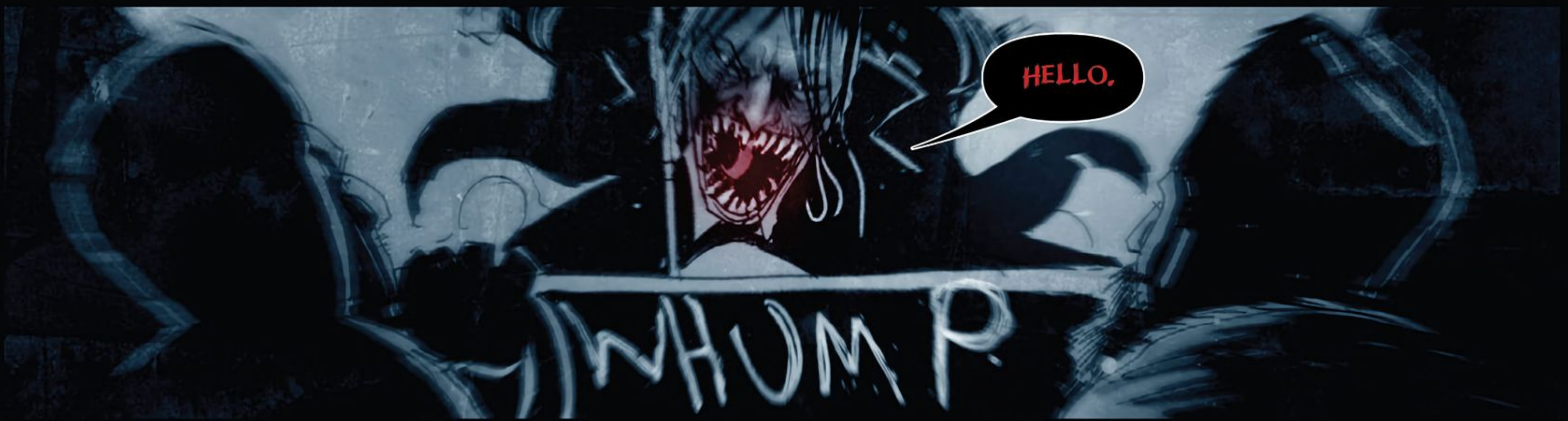
















TIME
TO DIE,
ENGLISH.



GET OFF
MY TRUCK.

OOF!



NEVSKY,
TURN THIS THING
AROUND, WE'RE
GOING BACK FOR
THE BOY!



ARE
YOU QUITE
SURE?



YES,
DAMN IT!



I LIKE YOU,
ENGLISH. YOU'D
MAKE A GOOD
COSSACK, I
THINK.





THOUGHT I
RATHER LIKED YOU
ALIVE, LITTLE CHAP,
AS OPPOSED TO
DEAD.



I—
COUGH COUGH!
HURRRNNHH...

YOU'RE
HURT!



YES. IT
APPEARS
I AM.

BLOODY
TYPICAL. AFTER
ALL THAT,
HEH.



LOOKS LIKE
ONE OF THOSE
THINGS GOT ME A
GOOD ONE, LITTLE
CHAP. IF I'M NOT
GOING TO DIE, I MAY
WELL TURN INTO
ONE OF THEM.



NEVSKY WILL SEE
YOU RIGHT... JUST
TRY TO MAKE IT AS FAR
AS THE NEXT TOWN.
YOU'RE BOUND TO RUN
INTO A PATROL SOON
ENOUGH. EVEN OUT
HERE.



YOU KNOW
WHAT YOU...
HAVE TO DO
NOW...











LET'S GET
THIS OVER
WITH THEN.

END.

ART GALLERY

The following is a gallery of Ben Templesmith's artwork for the 30 Days of Night: Red Snow series.









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Ho e p p n e r

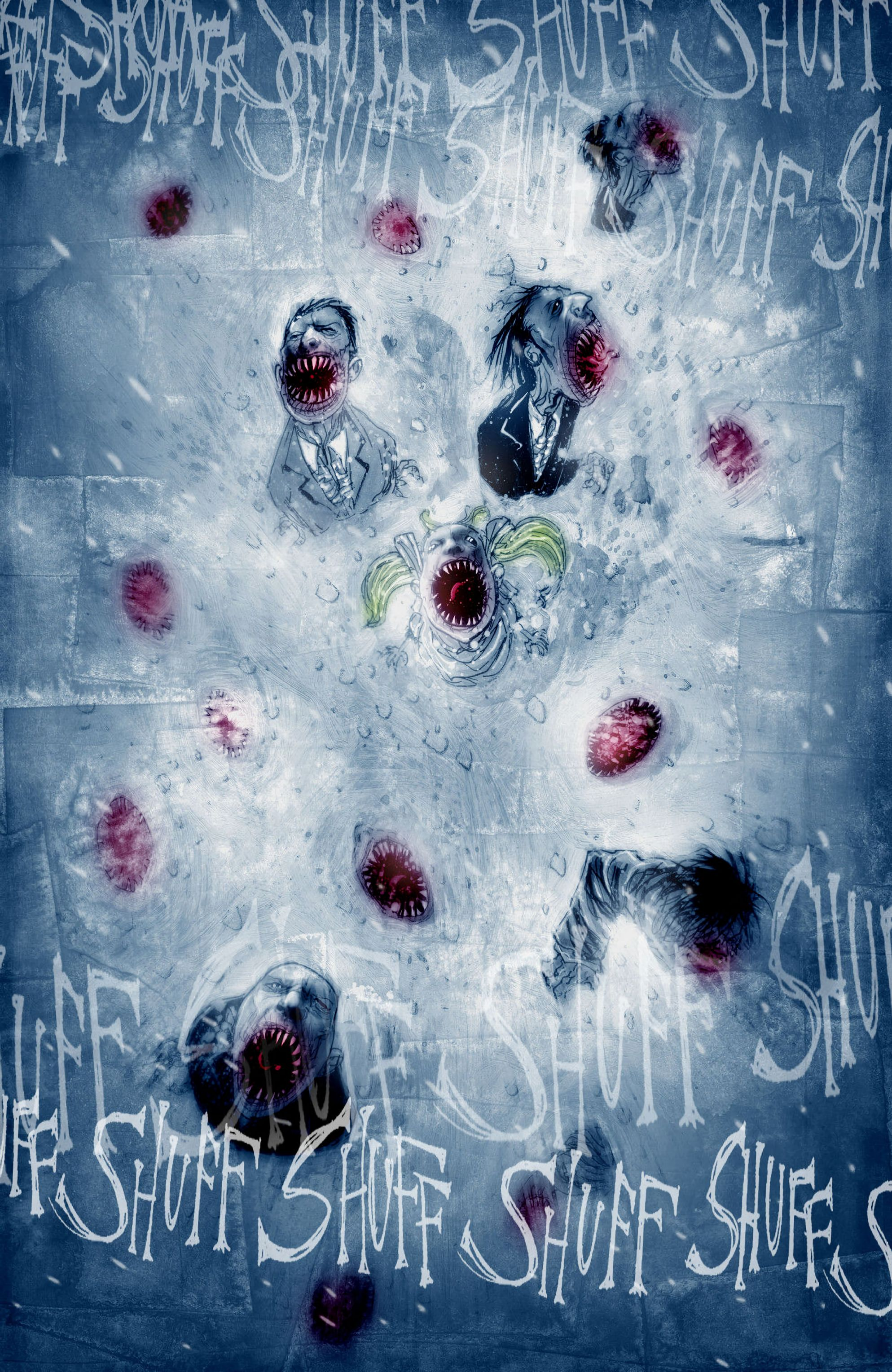
Temple
2007

CH a r l i e

K a a t i n g







BEN TEMPLESMITH INTERVIEW

The following interview was first published
in IDW's Focus On: 30 Days of Night, printed
in September of 2007.

In 2001, artist Ben Templesmith was illustrating Todd McFarlane's *Spawn* spin-off, *Hellspawn*, written by Steve Niles, but had yet to make a mark on the larger comic book-buying audience. That would all change with a small comic book about vampires that sold a scant 3,000 copies in its initial run. Now, as that little 2002 comic, *30 Days of Night*, has exploded in popularity and is on the cusp of being released as a big-screen movie by Sony Pictures, we talked to Ben about that early time, and what it's meant to his career in the interceding years.



IDW: In 2001, "30 Days of Night" was one of a dozen or so paragraph-long proposals that Steve Niles had developed as possible comic book series/screenplays. Did you think at the time that this one had any more potential than the others? How did you get involved with 30 Days of Night?

Ben Templesmith: I just thought it was the most interesting one of the group. I saw it as a chance to do some cool visuals. If it's fun to draw, it's probably fun for an audience to read, I guess. I got a very strong vibe of "The Thing," which is a favourite movie of mine, so it was really an obvious choice. We did it as another project we were jointly working on at the time left us with plenty of time to kill, so figured we'd do something else at the same time.



IDW: Did you always have a specific art style and color palette in mind for the series?

BT: Yes. Blues for the world of *30 Days* (it's the Arctic at night, after all) and splashes of red... for the, uh... red stuff events. You know, the nasty stuff. That kind of only works on the actual location for the original series, of course. Seems it worked well enough for the art to be quite memorable with some! So hopefully that means it worked.



IDW: When the comic became the subject of a bidding war between movie studios, did you feel like your career was about to change, or was it all too sudden for you to really reflect on what it meant at the time?

BT: Not really. It was all unexpected and just viewed as icing on the cake. This was all before the really big "comics-to-film" explosion, really. I'm happy that what happened with the book led to enough recognition for me to continue having a career up to now of course! I was a young punk nobody at the time. I really just thought "Great! I guess I get some money!" which is nice, as I was still freshly living my dream of doing comics. I didn't need anything more than that. My God, the Internet itself was still pretty new to me back then. I had little idea of anything. Never really understood much about Hollywood until much later. I was a sheltered child, yes, and my ambitions were (and still are) quite small!



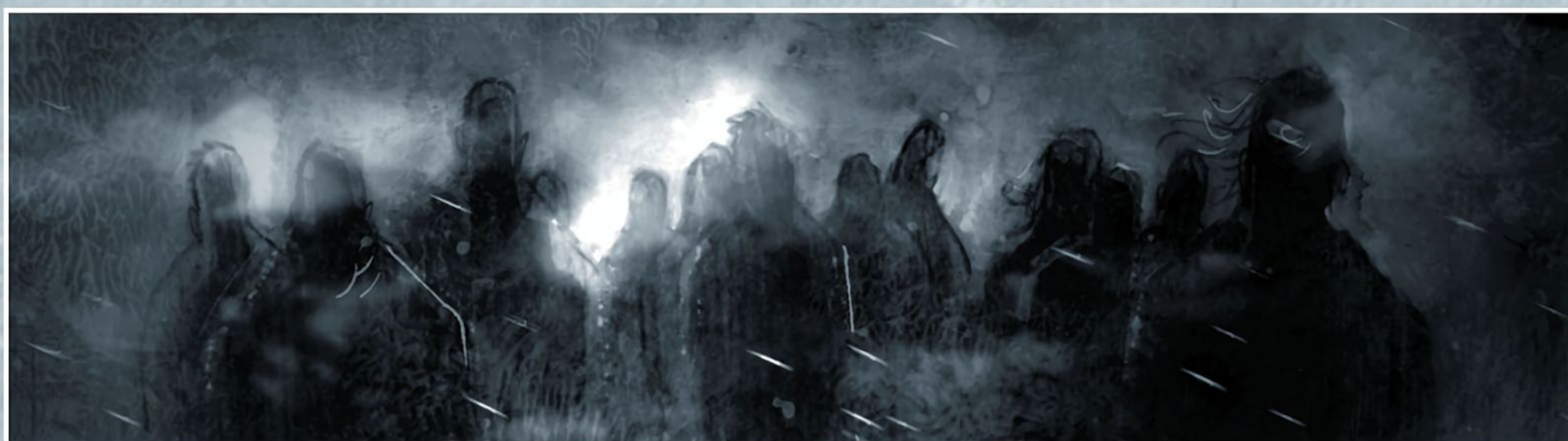
IDW: Now that you do have the luxury of time passed to look back at that exciting time, have things gone as you planned, for both the book (now franchise) itself and for you personally?

BT: Well, I never planned anything, so it really just happened the way it did thanks to people other than me deciding anything. I can't take any credit nor blame in that regard, I'd say. It simply is what it all is to me. I personally am not the type who likes endless sequels and such, but if a story is worth telling, then why not? It all depends. Looking back, I'm happy it seems to be one of the things that kicked off horror in comics again, and that I'm remembered for my art on it, as well as the fact I've been able to build on that initial success. Hopefully people don't see me only as "the vampire-drawing guy" now, either. It's always good to be considered more than a musician with a single note. Is that a phrase? So in many ways I'm most happy that I've been able to build a career around the initial success of *30 Days*, but to also be able to have moved beyond it, so as not to only rely on that now. Of course, most things in my life currently are the end result of doing that one little book at the beginning of my career. Including my wife, who of course I met through IDW.

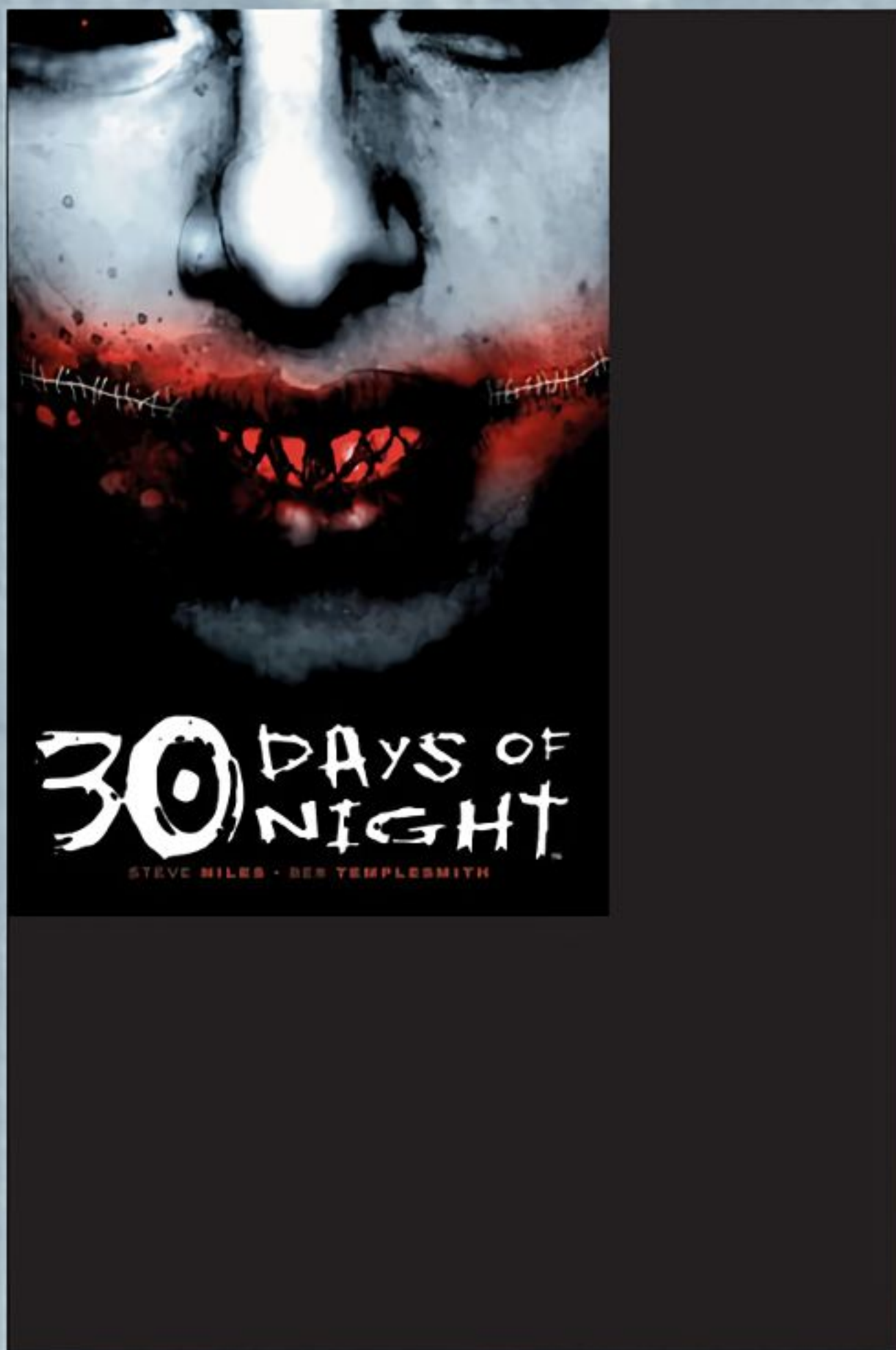


IDW: You recently spent some weeks on the set of the movie based on your original graphic novel. Did it feel like the culmination of a long career? What should fans of the graphic novel expect when they see it?

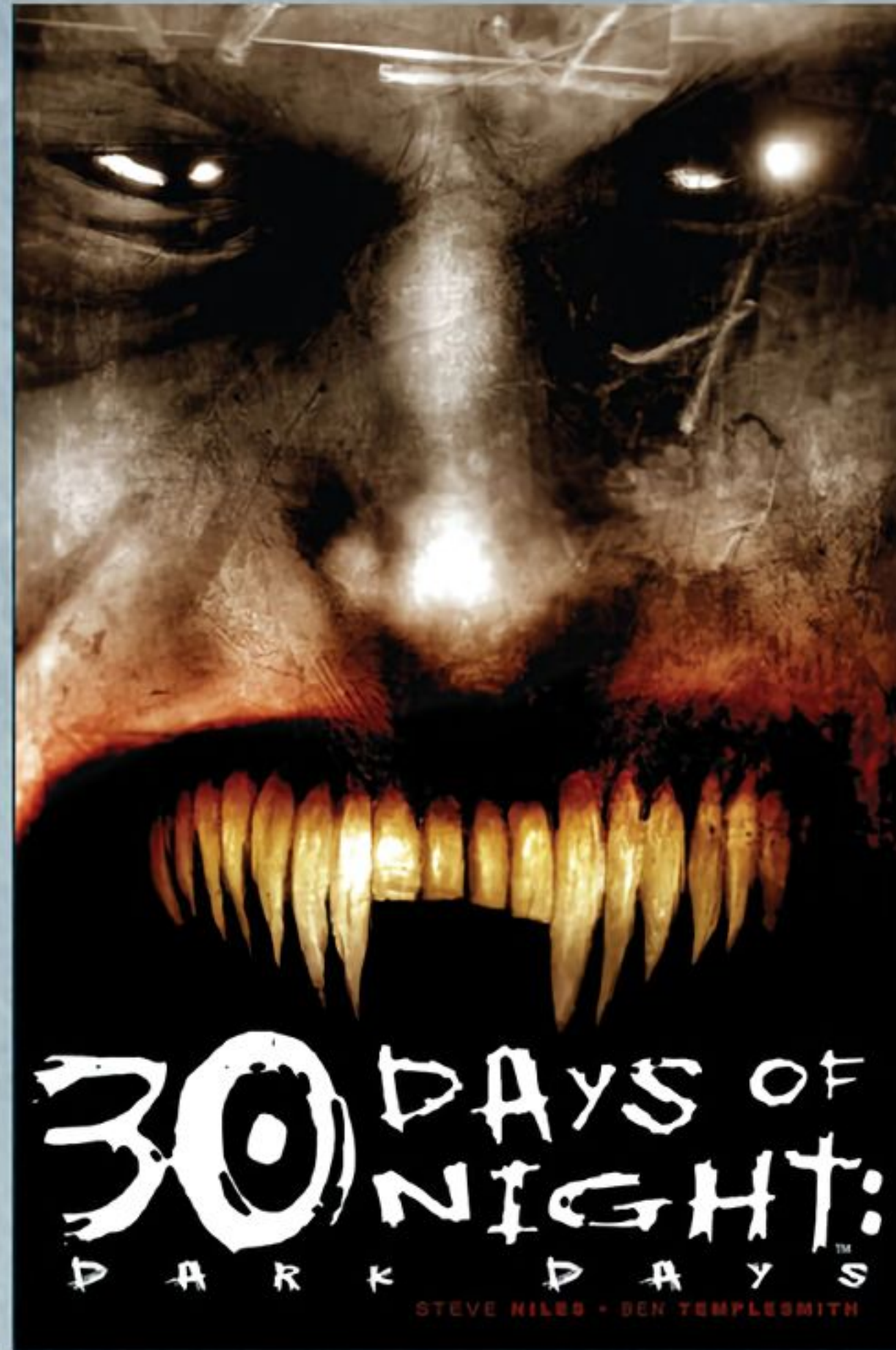
BT: Yes, I did, and it was, of course, amazing. Apart from being a bit of a trip down memory lane in a way, revisiting the book, it felt somewhat like the beginning of the end of a chapter of my life, yes, though *hopefully* not career! It's been a long, long time going from "we are going to option and make a film" through to "we are making the film" to shortly having the film out, and over with. After that, who knows? We'll wait and find out. I'm glad it's finally reaching a culmination. Fans of the book should, from my perspective as the visual guy, hopefully find an amazingly beautiful and nasty film that echoes all that made the book experience what it was art wise. David Slade did a wonderful job. Can't say enough about the level of detail and work he put into getting "the look."



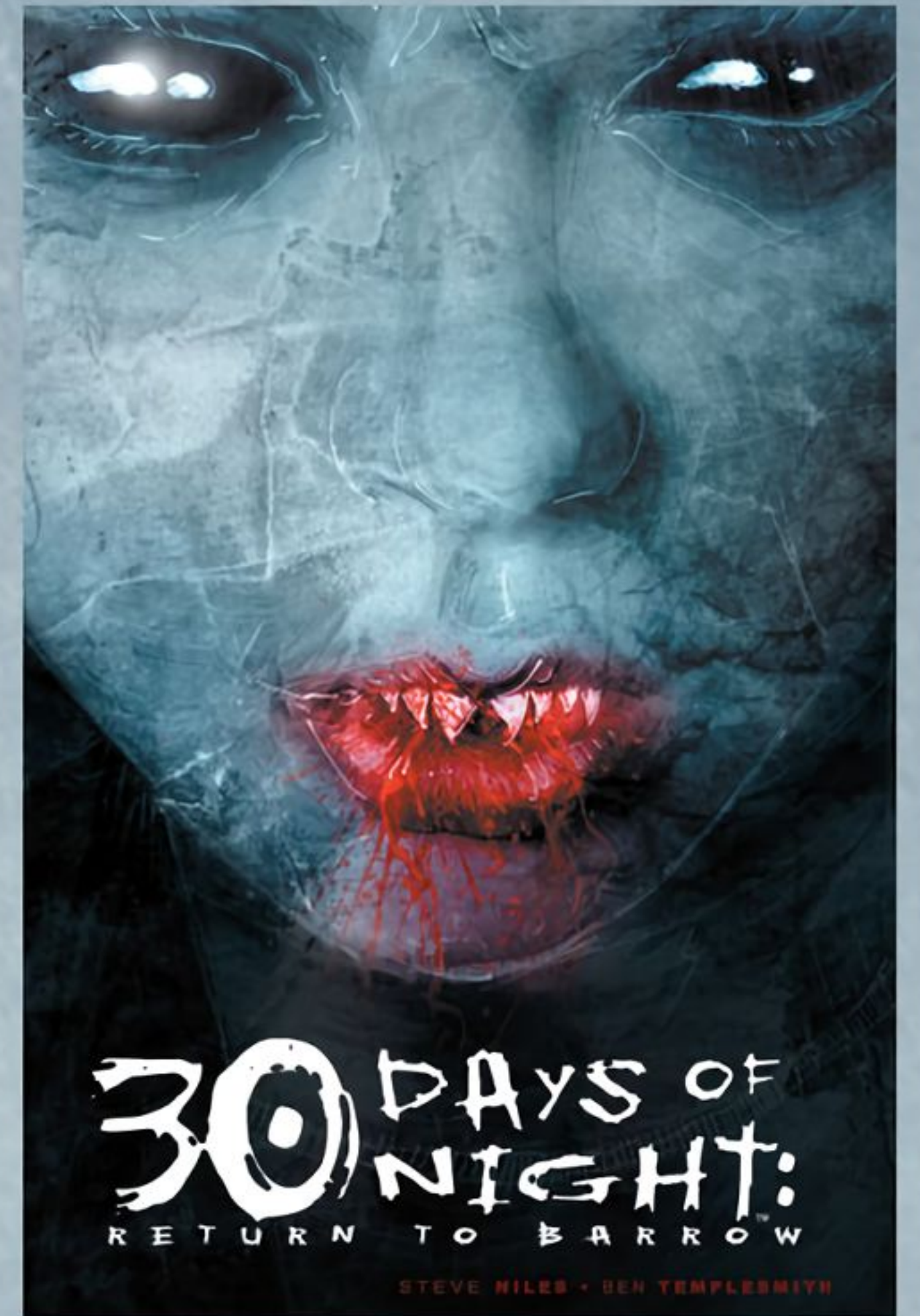
More from Ben Templesmith



30 DAYS OF NIGHT



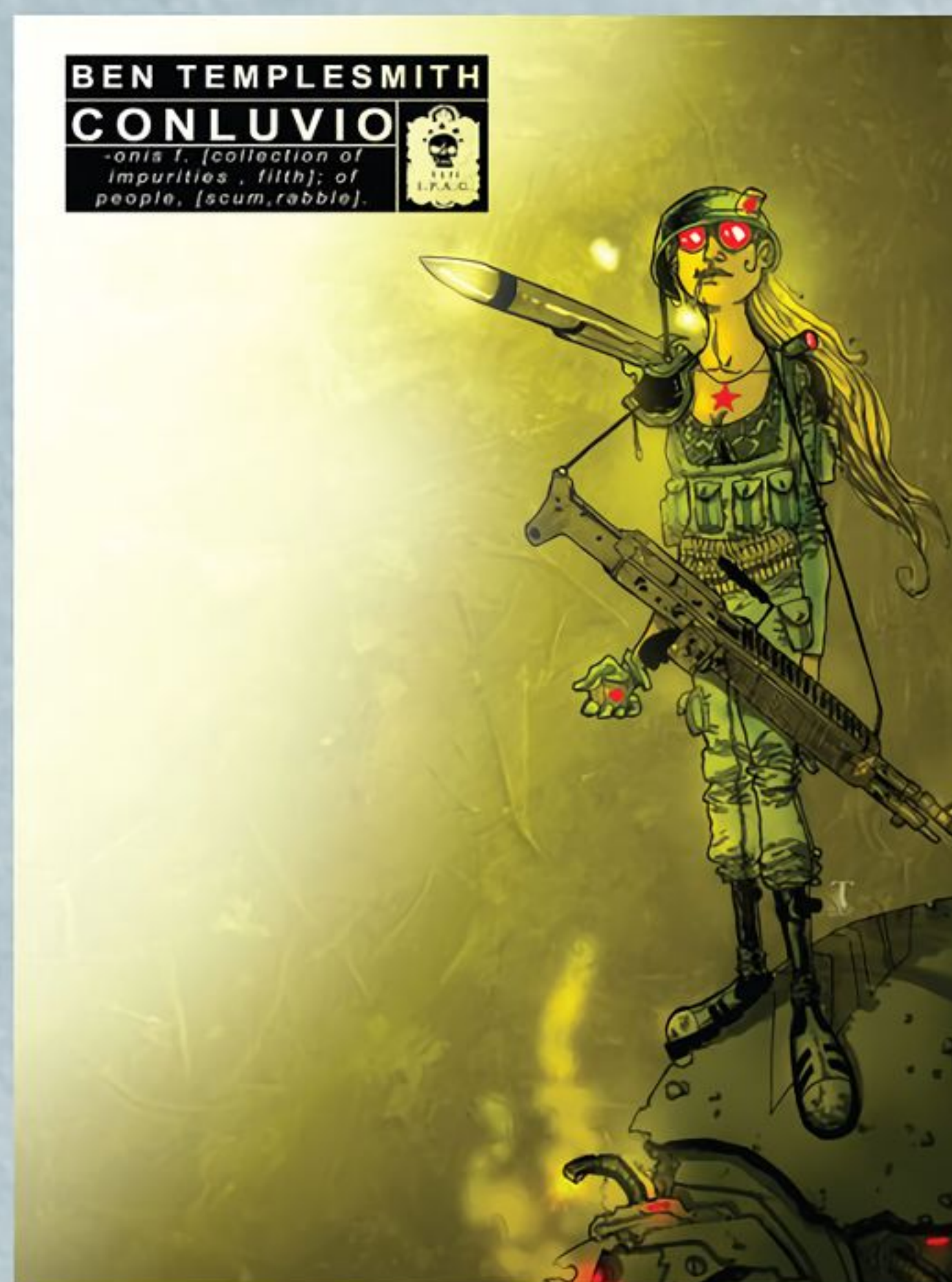
30 DAYS OF NIGHT:
DARK DAYS



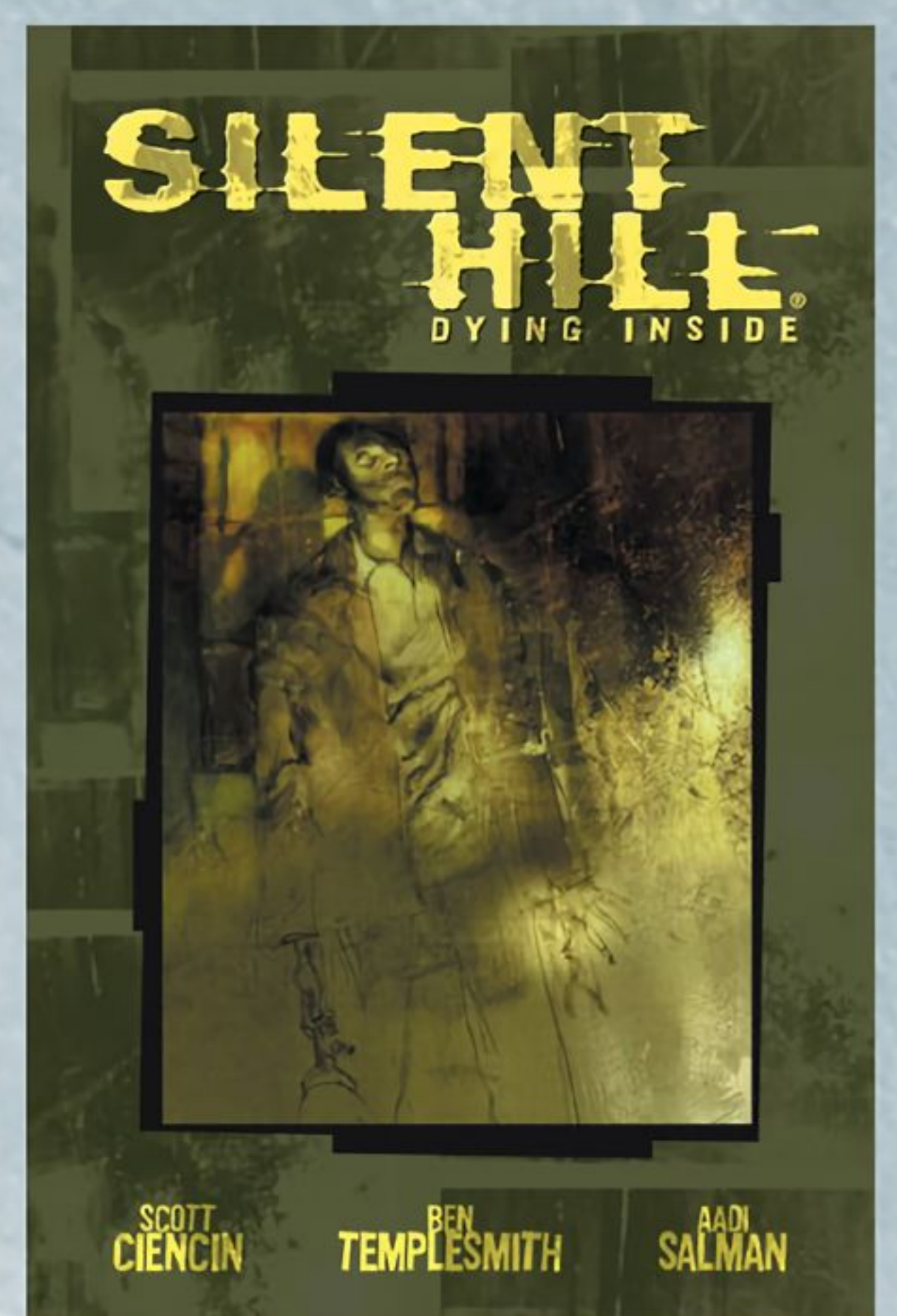
30 DAYS OF NIGHT:
RETURN TO BARROW



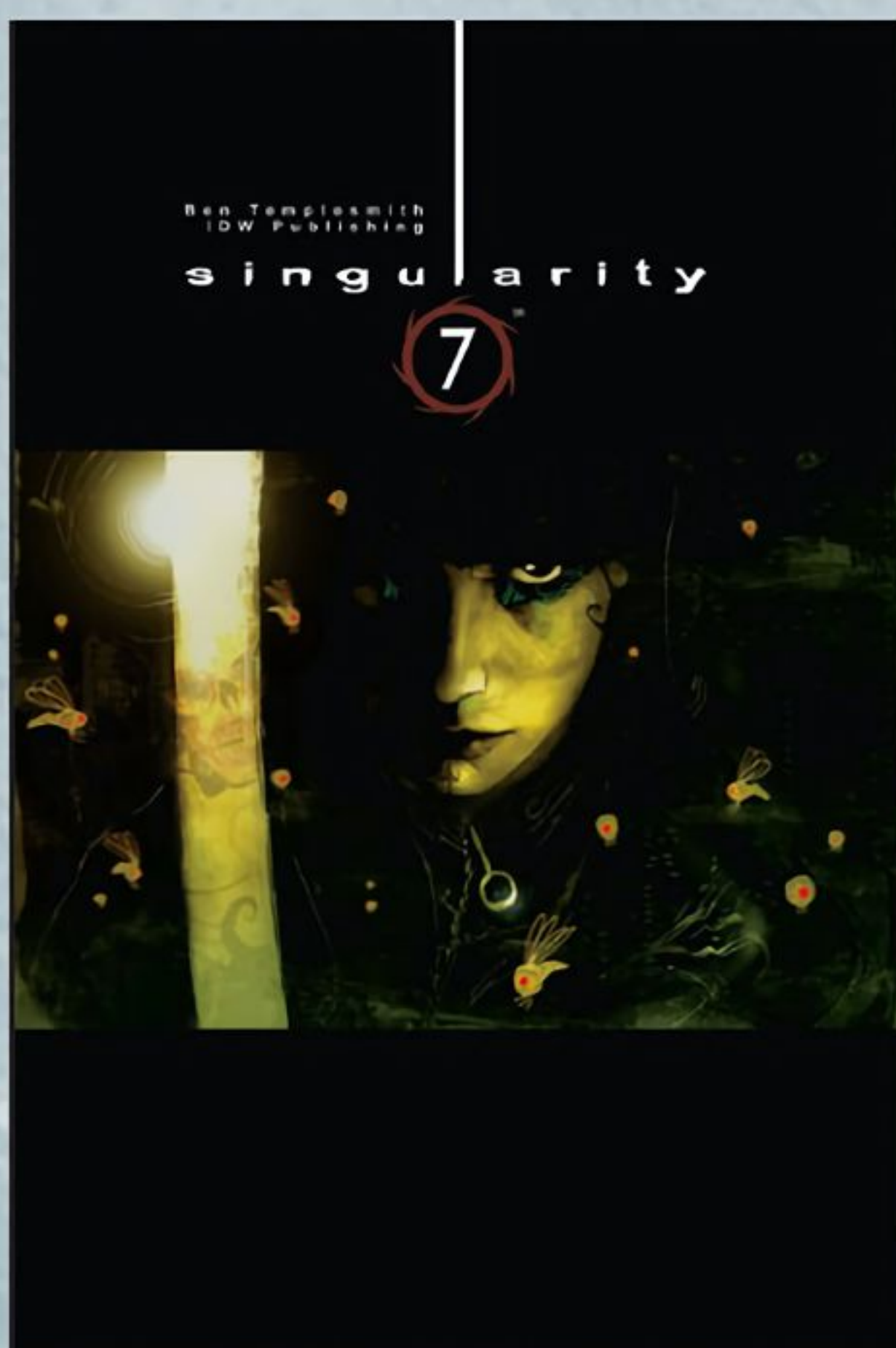
TOMMYROT: THE ART OF
BEN TEMPLESMITH



CONLUDIO: THE ART OF BEN
TEMPLESMITH, VOLUME 2



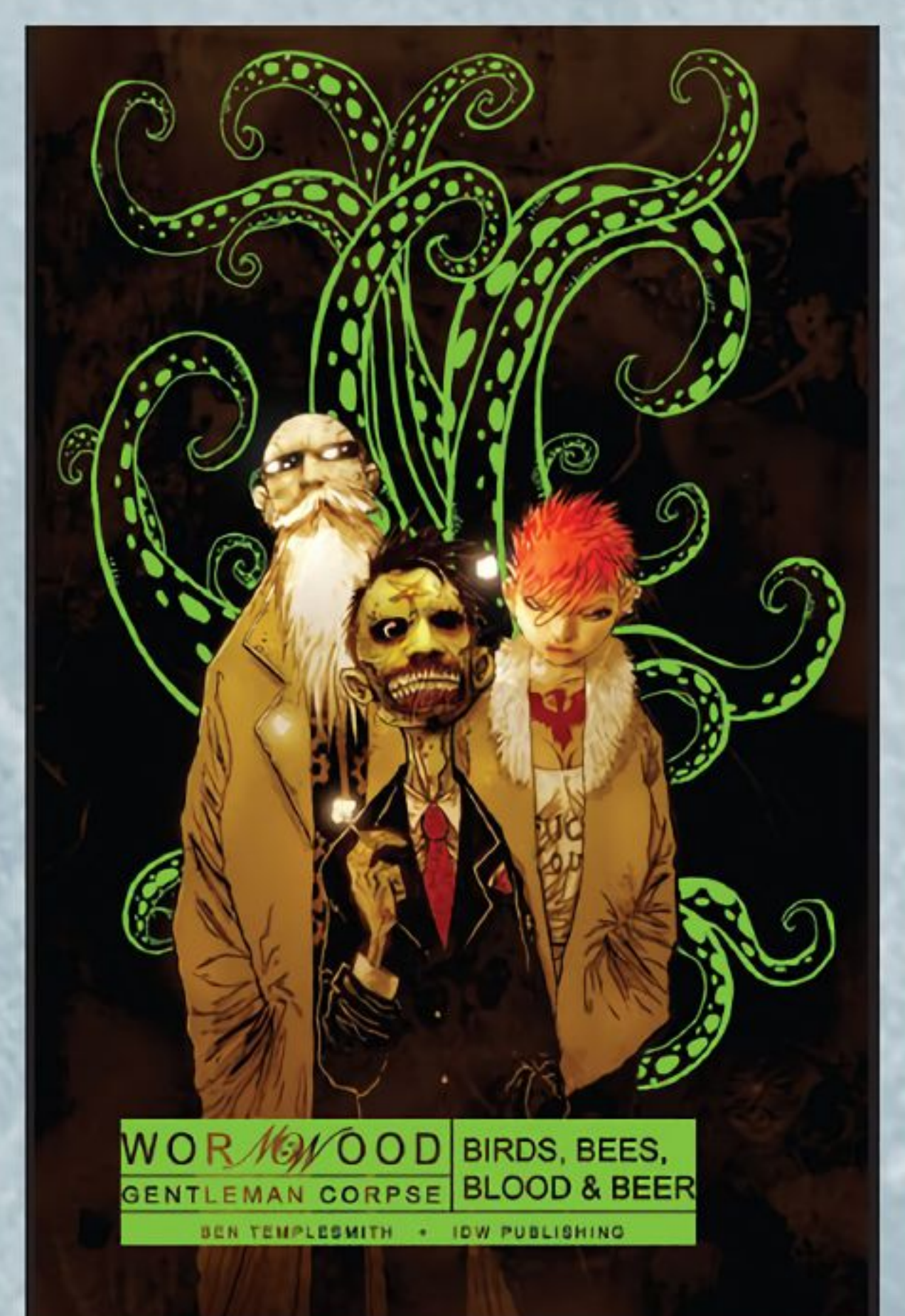
SILENT HILL: DYING INSIDE



SINGULARITY 7



SHADOWPLAY



WORMWOOD:
GENTLEMAN CORPSE



BEN TEMPLESMITH

Born in 1978, Ben Templesmith hails from Perth, Australia where he attended Curtin University of Technology and received a degree in design.

As a commercial illustrator, his works include the widely successful 30 Days of Night and Fell. His first written work was Singularity 7 and he is currently writing and illustrating Wormwood: Gentleman Corpse.

Ben likes Sumo wrestling and, in all probability, can hold more alcohol than you (he is Australian).

These days, Ben lives and works in his studio in Perth where he attempts in vain to get what others call “sleep” at least a couple of hours a day. There's also a strange American lurking around his home, although she could easily be a figment of a caffeine-induced delirium.

Visit his official site at www.templemitharts.com



www.idwpublishing.com

30 DAYS OF NIGHT:

RED SNOW



1941. Hitler's Operation: Silver Fox has failed, but the war on the Eastern Front drags on as the Russian winter starts to bite. British military attaché Corporal Charlie Keating observes the war from the Soviet side, making sure crucial supplies get through to aid Stalin's front in the battle against the Nazis. With luck, he too will survive to see the end of the war. But something else is out there, and they're not the Nazis. No matter how hard humanity tries to kill itself, something else does it better. *30 Days of Night/Fell* co-creator and *Wormwood Gentleman Corpse* auteur **Ben Templesmith's** first solo *30 Days* tale is collected here, presenting a war of a different kind, one that will have repercussions felt all the way to Barrow, Alaska a half-century later.

DR. VINK

WITH A VA-VA-VA

A DR. VINK POOR MAN'S RIP

LIBRARY LOANS THROUGH HOOPLA + OVERDRIVE

COMIXOLOGY + AMAZON PRIME + KINDLE

RIPPED WITH CALIBRE DEDRM



...AND I AM NOT A NUT BAG